Cutting Up

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Cutting Up

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Ryoshu (forcefully) assists in your self harm

Notes

Another small old draft

I think I want to kill myself

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

White is not something that suggests purity; sometimes it demanded it. They were a blank canvas that made every speck of dust look like a sin and every drop of red look like a masterpiece—or a failure.

You sat on the edge of the rigid, narrow cot, the sleeves of your uniform pushed up past your elbows. In your hand was a scalpel, pilfered from Aseah's belongings under the guise of needing it for something important.

You weren't an artist. Far from it. You didn't care about the composition of the scars or the "flow" of the plasma. To you, this was just a way to release—a way to vent the pressurized agony and frustration that built up with day after day of being alive.

Slice.

The skin parted quietly. It was nice. An efficient, straight line. Precise. You watched the beads of blood well up, your face unreadable even to yourself. You just wanted to be alone. You wanted to feel the sting, reset your nerves, and go back to doing the things you didn't want to do.

"T.A.L.L."

The voice cut through the silence like a jagged blade. You didn't even have to look up to see the silhouette leaning against the doorframe. Ryōshū was there, a cloud of acrid tobacco smoke curling around his head, his eyes glowing with that familiar, predatory euphoria.

"Totally. Abysmal. Lackluster," he translated, his voice a low, gravelly rasp. He didn't wait for an invitation. He never did. He stepped into the room, shoes echoing slowly.

"Get out, Ryōshū," you muttered, not looking away from your arm. "I'm busy. And I'm not in the mood for your 'art' critiques."

"Busy? With what? Carpentry?" He scoffed, stepping closer until his shadow fell over you. He looked down at your arm with genuine disgust. "Look at those lines. Parallel. Uniform. Boring. You're treating your own flesh like a ledger. It's a waste of a good medium."

"It's my flesh," you snapped, finally looking up. His gaze was electrifying—full of a condescending heat that made your skin crawl. "And I do it to clear my head. It's a tool. Nothing more."

"Wrong." Ryōshū leaned down, his face inches from yours. "U.M.A. You do it because you're a coward. You're trying to control the pain, to make it small and manageable. You're afraid."

He reached out, his gloved fingers wrapping around your wrist with the strength of a vice. You could have fought back, but you knew him. You knew that resistance was just an invitation for him to break something more important than a rule. You let your hand go limp, the scalpel trembling in your grip.

"Why?" he whispered, his eyes scanning the shallow cuts. "Tell me the truth, you arrogant little clerk. Why do you cut?"

"To feel something other than the boredom of this place," you hissed through gritted teeth. "To have one thing that isn't under Hermann's thumb."

Ryōshū's lip curled. "Hah. Squalid. You do it to hide. But I see you."

He didn't ask for the scalpel. He simply took it from your fingers, his movements fluid and terrifyingly calm. He flipped the blade in his hand, testing the weight of it.

"If you're going to bleed for me," he murmured, his voice dropping into a seductive, twisted purr, "at least have the decency to be interesting. Eyes on me."

He pressed the tip of the blade into the soft skin of your inner forearm, right next to your neat marks. He didn't slice quickly. He dragged it. You felt the metal bite deep, far deeper than you ever dared to go. It wasn't a straight line; he carved a slow, agonizing curve, his hand steady as a surgeon's and twice as cruel.

"Ah..." you gasped, your fingers curling into the bedsheets. The pain was different—it wasn't a release; it was an invasion.

"Do not look away," Ryōshū commanded, his eyes locked onto yours, drinking in the agony and the hatred boiling in your gaze. "A coward does not get that privilege. Look at the way the red spouts. It's the only honest thing about you."

He continued the work, his blade dancing across your skin in a pattern that felt like a ritual. He was painting on you, using your pain as the pigment. He sliced a jagged crosshatch, then a long, thin peel that made your breath hitch in a sob you refused to let out. He was meticulously, gratuitously detailed in his destruction.

"You like this, don't you?" you spat, your voice shaking. "Watching me fail at everything?"

"I like the way you look at me when I hurt you," Ryōshū admitted, a small, dark smile playing on his lips as he watched a fresh stream of blood coat his thumb. He smeared it across your skin, ruining the 'cleanliness' of your work. "C.A.M. Contempt. Always. Motivates."

He leaned in closer, the blood from your arm staining into his sleeve. He didn't care. He was obsessed with the way your pulse throbbed under the blade. You sat there letting him carve his "art" into your very being because, deep down, the feeling of his undivided, sadistic attention was the only thing that wasn't awful lately.

"Your 'efficiency' is just a mask for your mediocrity," Ryōshū muttered, his voice a low, rhythmic rasp. He held your arm with a terrifyingly steady hand, the stolen scalpel moving with the grace of a conductor's baton. "You cut to forget. I cut to make you remember."

"You're just wasting time, Ryōshū," you spat, though it came out as a ragged hiss as he carved a thin, shallow line parallel to your radial artery. "It's just your own sick indulgence."

Ryōshū paused, the tip of the blade resting in a fresh well of crimson. He looked up, his eyes wide and shimmering with a manic, euphoric light. He looked at the hatred burning in your eyes—the way you looked at him like he was a stain on the floor—and he let out a short, sharp bark of a laugh.

"That's it. That's the gaze," he whispered, sounding almost breathless. "The way you loathe me... If you were a willing canvas, you'd be worthless. It's your arrogance, your 'convenience,' rotting under my touch that makes this art."

He dived back in, his movements becoming more frantic yet no less precise. He wasn't just cutting anymore; he was making, creating a tapestry of pain that felt like fire spreading under your skin. You gasped, your free hand clawing into the thin mattress of the cot. The pain was a blinding white noise, successfully drowning out everything, just as you'd wanted—but Ryōshū had hijacked the sensation, making it his own.

"Stop... talking," you groaned, your head lolling back.

"S.U.A." He chuckled, the sound grating like sandpaper. "Hardly. I'm just getting to the finish. You're so focused on the 'end result,' you

forget that the process is where the soul lives. Or what's left of yours, anyway."

He made one final, deep incision, a long stroke that ran from your wrist to the crook of your elbow, crossing over every pathetic, neat line you had made earlier. He watched the blood overflow, cascading down your skin and soaking over your work. He stared at it for a long moment, silently.

Then, the euphoria seemed to click off, replaced by his usual mask of bored, elitist detachment. He stood up. He reached up to his lips and pulled out his cigarette.

"A bit messy," he remarked, looking at the carnage on your arm as if he'd just noticed it. "Lucky it wasn't unsalvageable."

Without a word of warning, he took the glowing, orange ember of his cigarette and pressed it firmly into the center of your bicep, just above the fresh cuts.

The scream stayed trapped in your throat, coming out as a strangled, wet wheeze. The smell of burning flesh joined everything else. He held it there for a three-count, his eyes dead and cold, before twisting the butt to ensure the fire was out.

"C.Y.O. Clean. Your. Own," he said, flicking the spent filter onto your chest. "Don't leave a trail in the hallway. It's tacky."

He turned on his heel, the ōdachi on his back swaying with his gait. The door slid shut with a hiss, leaving you alone in the silence. Your arm was a throbbing, screaming ruin of red and charred black. You looked at the scalpel he'd dropped on the floor, then at the blood pooling on the sheets you'd have to scrub by hand before the morning inspection.

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